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000 onlooker it would seem as if we were deliberately beaching the vessel. "Starboard! hard a-starboard!" comes the order. "'Ard a-starboard," echoes the man at the wheel. "Hard a-port!" "'Ard a-port it is," he sings out, clawing the wheel towards him with foot and hand. "Well! I'm blessed if ever I see the likes of this 'ere place," I hear Jack mutter as we are safely berthed, and, on the whole, I am very much inclined to agree with him.

505 Our arrival created no little excitement among the inhabitants of this remote little spot: it might possibly have created even more had we not entered the harbour almost at the moment of departure of the yearly fur steamer for Japan *vid* Okhotsk. All Petropaulovsky had assembled to wave their adieux, and not a few of them appeared torn by the conflicting desires of seeing the last of their friends and of discovering the business of the new-comers.

161 The steamer was hardly under way before we were receiving our
361 visitors. They were but limited in number. Petropaulovsky, in
342 spite of the imposing letters to which it is treated in the maps, is, after all, little more than a hamlet, and is probably stationary, if not actually decreasing, with regard to population. Clerke, in 1779, found the settlement consisting of thirty huts built upon the sand-spit to which I have already alluded, and consisting mostly of yourts or balagans.[1] Captain Cochrane, who in 1821 performed the unprecedented feat of walking across Siberia from Russia to Kamschatka, describes it as having increased to fifty-seven buildings, some of which were on the mainland; and at the period of the Crimean war it appears to have been as large as it is at the present time, if not actually larger. The town had been transferred to the head of the little harbour, where it now stands, and boasted of no less than two hundred edifices of all kinds. But in Kamschatka, as in other northern countries, winter storehouses, fish-drying sheds, and other out-buildings are so numerous, that the actual dwelling-

[1] A yourt is a semi-subterranean winter dwelling, roofed with turf. The balagans are only used in summer: they are rough wooden buildings erected on piles. The upper part serves as the dwelling-house, while, beneath, the salmon are hung up in rows to dry.

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Every year the port is visited by a
439 Russian cruiser, and, if her officers should chance to be as excellent
505 companions as I have on every occasion found those with whom I have been brought into contact, a traveller might possibly get the offer of a passage, which, if he has command of the French language, a strong head, and an unlimited capacity for sweet champagne, should be enjoyable enough. A steamer, or steamers, belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company make two voyages annually to the port, to ship the furs awaiting them there and at Bering Island. They start from Yokohama, and it would no doubt be possible to obtain a passage. On leaving Kamschatka for the second time, however, these ships do not return south, but proceed direct to San Francisco.

136 The weather upon our arrival was pleasant and invigorating
226 to a degree; the days absolutely hot, with a brilliant sun and
241 wonderfully clear atmosphere, and the nights cold, but bright. But for the mosquitoes nothing could have been more enjoyable. These pests, which render life in a northern climate almost unbearable during the summer, were not very numerous in Petropaulovsky itself, but in some parts of Avatcha Bay we found them abundant, while in others not one was to be seen. As every one knows, the presence of these insects is almost always dependent on the existence of marsh, low-lying ground, or clumps of birches and other trees in the neighbourhood; but here, oddly enough, we found no such reasons to account for their erratic distribution. The little gardens of the settlement were aglow with bright flowers, though choked with weeds and coarse grass. But little cultivation was to be seen; a few patches of potatoes, cabbages, and such like garden produce, surround the cottages here and there, but there are no cereals. Rye ripens in some parts of the valley of the Kamschatka River, and would probably do so here, according to Dr. Dybowski, but its growth is not attempted. To the Kamschatkan the harvest of the river and the sea is an affair of such supreme importance, and demands so much of his time, that he has but little leisure for agriculture even if he had the inclination.